PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1895-SIXTEEN PAGES.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BICYCLES.

## ARE THE HIGHEST OF ALL HIGH

Because, being such large makers, we are in a position to secure material that smaller concerns cannot obtain. Take, for instance, the drop forgings. It takes 250 tons of special steel to make drop forgings for the 25,000 Waverley's we shall build this season. There are five varieties of steel in this quantity, ranging in grade from a special soft forge steel to the finest quality of crucible spring steel, which are used in the various parts of the Waverley, according to the demands of each individual part.

In placing an order of such great importance as this, we do not depend on the judgment of any ordinary mechanic as to what particular grade of stock is required for each part. WE HAVE A STEEL EXPERT OF OUR OWN, a man who knows the steel business from the mining of the ore, through every process and every department, to the highest grade of tool steel, who has served many years as an expert with the largest steel mills of the United States. This man specifies very minutely what class of steel shall enter into the stock he orders, and every pound of the metal is MADE TO ORDER. Such is the care taken that every single ingot is analyzed before being accepted on our order.

It requires a great deal of time to get stock in this manner, and our orders are usually placed nearly a year ahead of the date of delivery. We have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that the material is of the very finest quality obtainable for the purpose required.

We are also the only manufacturers in the world who make all of their own forgings, consequently the only ones who know absolutely what class of goods they are selling and what results can be depended upon.

Does it stand to reason that the small makers, or the largest of them for that matter, who buy their parts here, there and everywhere, can produce a machine equal to the Waverley, where such care is taken in production?

We will give you further particulars next week.

Do not let any one talk you out of buying a Waverley. IT IS THE BEST BICYCLE MADE. Lots of nice people learning to ride at Tomlinson Hall Riding School. Call at store for ticket.

# Indiana Bicycle Co.

No. 63 NORTH PENNSYLVANIA STREET.

#### PRICE LIST

### SELIG'S BAZAAR

All this week. Read carefully and you will be astonished at the bargains offered.

Serge and Cloth ready-made Dress Skirts, \$2.25, worth \$5. Ladies' Suits, latest styles, at \$3.98, worth \$6.50. Ladies' Suits, latest styles, at \$3.98, worth \$6.50.

Ladies' Trimmed Wrappers, 59c, usual price,\$1.

Ladies' Satin Wrappers, \$1.49, cut from \$2.75.

200 Spring Jackets, in light and dark colors, silk lined, at \$2.50, original price from \$5 to \$15. Spring Capes, all Wool, 75c.

Children's Reefers now 50c, cut from \$2.

3 pieces extra heavy Black Satin, 30 inches wide, worth \$1.75, at 98c yd.

25 pairs Chenille Portieres at 98c each, worth double.

2,500 yards Figured Sateen at 5c a yard, regular 10c grade.

5,000 yards Calico at 23c a yard.

5,000 yards 4-4 Muslin, fine bleached, at 4c yard.

500 yards 9-4 Pepperell Sheeting at 12½c.

1 case best Amoskeag Gingham at 4c a yard.

20 pieces Dress Ginghams at 5c, cut from 10c.

Extra fine 2-yard wide bleached Satin Damask at 69c, worth \$1.25.

Fine Barnsley Damask at 39c, cut from 75c.

Fine Barnsley Damask at 39c, cut from 75c.

Turkey Red Damask at 14c, worth 20c.

Turkey Red Damask at 25c, sold everywhere at 45c.

15 pieces Crash at 3c a yard, regular 5c grade.

15 pieces all-Wool Silk finish Henrietta at 50c, all colors, cut from \$1.

15 pieces extra wide Arnold's Henrietta at 69c, worth \$1.25. 6 pieces China Silk reduced from 50c to 27c a yard.

All-Wool Henrietta, all colors, always sold at 50c, at 29c.
Cambric, 4c. Silesia, 8c. Haircloth, 10c, etc.
5 dozen Ladies' Union Suits at 39c, former price 75c.
Ladies' Muslin Chemise and Drawers, embroidered, now 25c.
Ladies' Muslin Skirts, extra good, at 41c, cut from 75c.
Ladies' Summer Vests, extra fine, at from 10c to 20c, worth double. 50 dozen fast black seamless Hose at 8c a pair.

15 dozen fancy top Opera Hose at 19c, regular value 25c. 50 dozen Dr. Warner's Summer Corsets at 39c, regular price 50c. The celebrated Vigilant R. & G. Corsets, 49c, former price 75c.

Pins, 1c a paper.
4,000 yards of Embroidery at from 1c a yard up.
Clark's Thread, three spools for 10c.
Chenille Covers at 43c each.

Men's Unlaundered Shirts at 39c, cut from 50c.

Men's Seamless Sox at 4c. Men's colored Negligee Shirts, laundered, at 49c, worth 75c. Men's fine Shirts, white, with colored bosom, at 89c, reduced from \$1.50.

Kid Gloves for Ladies, reduced from \$1 to 59c. Ice Wool at 13c a box, all colors.

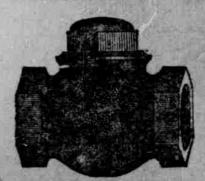
These and many other articles are the prices for the coming week. Buyers in general, by perusing these columns, can see the many advantages therein contained. A word to the wise is sufficient.

# SELIG'S BAZAAR,

109 and 111 S. Illinois St.

10 and 12 McCrea St.

Four Doors North of Union Station.



THE McELWAINE-RICHARDS CO., WROUGHT-IRON PIPE and BOILER TUBES

Natural-Gas Supplies, Cast Iron, Maileable Iron, Brass, Hydraulie and Ammonia Fittings, METRIC METAL CO.'S Meters for Natural and Artificial Gas. STEAM, GAS and WATER GOODS. Fitters' Tools, Packing, Belting and Steam Specialties. Plumb'ers and Mill Supplies. General Agents for SNOW STEAM PUMP WORKS. 62 & 64 WEST MARYLANDST.

Fragrant, Exhilarating and Delightful Smokel

TIOOSKER POET

THE KILLING OF HAMILTON. Burr Never Felt Remorse for It, and Once He Revisited the Spot.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The following is from Harper's Weekly of recent date:

Among those persons living who remember seeing Aaron Burr is Mr. Samuel Shaw, of the Cooperstown Freeman's Journal. It has been said of Burr that he never showed the slightest compunction or regret for his killing of Alexander Hamilton. In reply to this statement, made by a public lecturer, Mr. Shaw tells the following story: "At the close of the war of 1812-15, Burr and a few army officers dined with my grandfather. My mother, then about thirteen years of age, was present, and she said that while the gentlemen tarried at their dessert the subject of the celebrated duel was introduced, and one of the gentlemen present asked Mr. Burr, if not disagreeable, to briefly narrate the circumstances attending it. This he at once dld, showing no emotion, until he closed by saying: 'When I shot Hamilton he seemed to me to jump nearly his own height.' Then he at once quit the table, went out upon the plazza and walked up and down it till the party broke up. He appeared to be deeply moved." This was eleven years after the duel was fought.

Either Mr. Shaw does not tell his mother's story correctly or else the maternal memory was not trustworthy, for it is as certain as anything of the kind can be that Colonel Burr (he was never called "Mr.") did not say what the story says he said. He could not possibly have said, "When I shot Hamilton he seemed to me to jump nearly his own height," for Hamilton, shot through the right side, according to eyewitnesses, only "sprang upon his toes with a convulsive movement," and then reeled and fell upon his face. Another and a better authenticated story told by his biographer gives a very probable explanation of how and why Burr was "deeply moved" during his walk upon the portico after the alleged conversation. It was not by "compunction or regret," for he never felt either in regard to the killing of Hamilton—any more than Andrew Jackson did about the killing of Dickinson.

Never but once, probably, did Burr speak of the duel fuily and wing is from Harper's Weekly

was strongly atfached asked him to go with him to the scene of the duel. He consented, for the first and last time, and they crossed the river in a boat, and climbed the heights of Weehawken to the place of meeting, which was then practically unchanged. Burr led his friend to the spot where Hamilton had stood, went to the spot where he himself had stood, and then described the incidents of the duel. Naturally enough, the conversation turned to the provoking causes, and for the first and last time Burr's lips were unsealed, and the words leaped from them like flame. "All the old fire was rekindled within him; his eye blazed and his voice rose. He recounted the long catalogue of wrongs received from Hamilton, and told how he had forborne and forborne, forgiven and forgiven, and even stooped to remonstrate—until he had no choice except to slink out of sight, a wretch degraded and despised, or meet the calumniator on the field and silence him. He dwelt much on the meanness of Hamilton.

He dwelt much on the meanness of Hamilton.

"He charged him with being malevolent and cowardly—a man who would slander a rival and not stand to it unless he was cornered. 'When he stood up to 3re,' said Burr, 'he caught my eye and qualled under it; he looked like a convicted felon.' It was not true, he continued, that Hamilton did not fire at him; Hamilton fired first; he heard the ball whistle among the branches, and saw the severed twig above his head. He spoke of what Hamilton wrote on the evening before the duel with infinite contempt. 'It reads,' said he, 'like the confession of a penitent monk.' He justified all he had done, nay, applauded it—gloried in it. All the pent-up feelings of twenty-five years burst into speech. His companion—who had known him long—had never seen him roused before, and he wondered that he should ever have thought Burr small of stature, for, during this scene, the loftiness of his demeanor was such that his very form seemed to rise and expand. It was long before he regained his usual composure."

Burr went to his grave with the same feelings he then expressed. Rev. Dr. Van Pelt, a frequent visitor in the last days, tells us that "in reference to the affair and death of General Hamilton but little was said. Colonel Burr, however, intimated that he was provoked to that encounter." And he certainly was.

How Gen. Lew Wallace Got Rich.

How Gen. Lew Wallace Got Rich. New York Press.

General Lew Wallace is the most successful book writer of the day. The Harpers gave him a certified check for \$50,000 when he delivered to them the manuscript of "A Prince of India." Out of "Ben Hur" he made \$50,000 the first year, and his royalties since have amounted to \$25,000. His story of Mexico, which ex-Governor Gray went into raptures over, "The Fair God," was a colossal failure. It was his first great flight, and the publishing world was inclined to laugh at his pretensions. He hawked the work about in New York and Boston, and offered it at last to a friend for \$75. The friend did not want it. Finally Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, bought it and put it on the market. The result is known. Nobody took the trouble to read it, and it fell flat. He spent seven years writing "Ben Hur," and that, too, was a faffure till a certain noted preacher advertised it. It became a fad, and General Wallace grew rich before he knew it. New York Press.

Economizing the Time.

"We will wait a few moments longer," said the pastor, "in order to give an opportunity for those who may wish to unite with the church to come forward and do sa". and do so."

A solemn hush fell upon the congregation, but nobody moved.

At last a tall, slender, lantern-jawed, long-whiskered man sitting near the door rose up and said:

"While the young people in the audience are making up their minds on this all-important question I should like to offer a few thoughts on the subject of free cela-age."

MENT'S IMMENSE REVENUE.

Everything Taxed - Public Debt the Greatest in the World,

Sterling Heitig, in St. Louis Globe-Demo-

Whether the financiering of the French government and the city of Paris be admirable or not, it works, it is practical. It has the virtue of taking the bull by the horns. An immense amount of money is needed. The national government and the city (inextricably intermingled in a way Americans would think almost preposterous) divide the right of "holding up" the people for their own good, for the glory of the patrie and the beauty of its capital, its one and only city. They do not seek to disguise the pro-

The tourist, even in his first sight-seeing week, feels pressing on his shoulder the hand of the tax collector. It is not so much the customs examination at the frontier, although that is fairly searching. France is even more protectionist than the United States. The feeling that the authorities are after your pocketbook comes rather through a series of petty annoyances and half pleasing, half displeasing curiosities when you are once inside the country. Your hotel bill comes to you receipted-and stamped. You cash a check or a draft with a banker. "Will you please write your name again; here, across the revenue stamp?" Why are they so careful with the lumps of sugar in the restaurants and cafes? There is a special tax upon the sweet commodity. And why do they always give us sulphur matches? Because matches are dear, being manufactured only by the government. Do you desire to play a game of cards? You may for nothing in the basserie where you take your evening beer. The waiter brings the cards. "But they are dirty. Bring us a clean pack." Then you will have to buy them, and the cheapest kind costs 50 cents. There is a special tax on playing cards. It is not only a tax ranging from 15 to 20 cents a pack, but the manufacture of all playing cards is under rigorous state supervision as to quality, colors and designs, the latter with an idea to possible political disturbances. Billiard tables are taxed, doors and windows are taxed, bicycles are taxed, and as for cigars and tobacco—but every tourist has his first experience with that state manufacture. When the state leaves off then the city begins, and you are taxed from early morn till dewy eve. The city's chiefest hold upon the stranger is its "octroi," a set of high municipal customs duties on all food, drink and fuel. But the city shares with the state in most of the little perquisites already mentioned, in the profits of the exclusive government pawn shops, the exclusive funeral service, the tax on theater tickets and the tax on dogs, even though it were the dog of a tourist, or, so to speak, a tourist dog. These are the taxes which the tourist feels. But the native, the citizen of Paris, could tell him, "There

DIRECT TAXES. Taxes in France are called "contributions," and they are direct and indirect. The latter are by far the greater, reaching the average sum of 2,495,000,000 francs yearly, as against the direct taxes of 553,000,000 francs. This inequality has struck the Socialists, and at about the same time as the deficit in the budget called loudly for the attention of the legislature. The question of an income tax is now being fought over, not only come tax, which would indeed strike a hard blow at "the dirty bourgeoisie" and the "exploiters of the proletariat." The figures above given are lower than those in the present inflated budget for 1895, against which there is a considerable uproar. In theory the direct taxes are fixed and invariable, but it is in the power of the Chamber of Deputies to augment or decrease them by means of the device called the "centimes additionnels," or "additional pennies." They are of two kinds, those voted by the Deputies to be at the disposal of the general government to meet special and varying expenses, like primary instruction, aid to farmers when their crops have suffered from hailstorms (!), fire or flood, the reduction of other taxes, losses, deductions and deficits and the costs of collecting all other taxes, and those voted by the departments (counties), and towns, and cities within fixed limits for their ordinary and extraordinary expenses. In the budget for 1895 the fixed portion of the direct taxation was put at 469,000,000 francs. But the "additional pennies" had brought the total up to 834,000,000.

Of these direct taxes there are four, the fonciere, or tax on real estate; the personnelle-mobiliere, or tax on personal property; the portes-et-fenetres, or taxes on doors and windows, and the patentes, or commercial licenses.

The only thing peculiarly interesting tax is the principle that when a house or even a part of a house (an apartment or flat) has been empty for a year it pays no tax that year. This principle, which is favorable to capitalists, is one often attacked by the Socialists. The personal property tax is composed of two elements, a poll tax and a tax on one's presumed wealth in household furniture, gauged by the amount of rent one pays. It is due from every inhabitant, French or foreign, "enjoying his right," and not reputed indigent. It includes widows, minor children who have means sufficient for their support, whether from investments or from the work of their hands and even such higher domestic hands, and even such higher domestic servants as "companions," valets, governesses, concierges and guards. Actual domestic servants are exempted. The poll tax may not be lower than 10 cents a head nor greater than 30 cents. The tax on furniture varies in the different cities. It is in the law that towns having an octrol may pay the whole of this furniture tax out of its proceeds if they be sufficient. Most cities relieve themselves in this way, especially Paris, which collects immense municipal duties (\$30,000,000 a year) on all food, drink and fuel products entering its gates with one hand, and hands a good pro-portion of the money back to its citiportion of the money back to its citizens again in a partially remitted tax on furniture. Thus the floating population of sight seers, who flock to the gay capital by the hundreds of thousands, and who must eat and drink in order to be merry, are squeezed for the good of the householder, as well as for that of the city. Actually all householders paying less than \$100 a year rent are completely exempt from this furniture tax, and the others go by a progressive scale of from 6 to 12 per cent. A very rich man pays in furniture tax an amount equivalent to 12 per cent. of his house rent.

The tax on doors and windows is a mere addition to the real estate tax. In Paris it averages 14c, a piece for every door and window in the house. It is paid by the owner, but leases stipulate for its payment by the tenant. In Paris the commercial license tax varies from

TAXATION IN FRANCE

\$80 a year to \$6 a year. Everybody pays it, no matter what his trade or profession, with the following exceptions: Government and municipal clerks, artists and professors, midwives, farm hands and fishermen, day laborers and flower and fishermen, day laborers and flower and fruit sellers exercising their profession on the open streets.

INDIRECT TAXATION.

I have said that these direct taxes are almost insignificant when compared with the "contribution indirectes," amounting, on the average, to only 553,-000,000 francs, as against 2,495,000,000 francs. This indirect taxation has not, as with us, its principal source in customs duties. In France these only amount to 500,000,000 francs. The country is violently protectionist, and this is a heavy sum; and yet it looks moderate when set beside the four other sources of indirect revenue-registration and stamps, 700,000,000; internal revenue from

wines and figuors, 500,000,000; the sugar tax, 145,000,000, and the income from the State monopolies of tobacco, matches, gunpowder and playing cards, 650,000,000. As to the stamped paper, it is here as was in the United States during and immediately succeeding the war. Scarcely any paper is valid without its stamp. The liquor tax is managed differently from our own. There is no special formality of obtaining a liquor license; any one with a shopkeeper's license may freely sell it. It is the manufacture of wine and liquor which is so heavily taxed. On this head there is an agitation going forward with great force at the present moment to reduce or altogether do away with the revenue from "hygienic drinks," such as wines and beers, and for having the State take into its hands, as another monopoly, the whole manufacture, but not the retail selling, of strong drink. This is on the ground not only of obtaining an increased revenue (the only basis of the match, tobacco and gunpowder monopolies), but of safeguarding the public health. As things now go in Paris, the people are being ruined by bad alcohol. You would think that in the great, rich cafes of the boulevard you might be sure to get a petit verre of real brandy, honestly distilled from wine. Yet only last week a celebrated doctor made the tour, asking for the best "fine champagne" at the high price of 20c. a tiny glass. He went in and out of all the boulevard cafes, not omitting the Grand, the Cafe de la Paix, the Cafe Riche and others with great names. He put each glass in a separate vial, labeling them. He took the so-called brandles home and an-alyzed them. He discovered that all were fabrications, all excepting one—and that was a sample obtained from a mar-chand de vins, the humblest kind of sa-

As to the match and tobacco monopolies, their result is dear tobacco and matches of extremely average quality. Frenchmen endure both with the tience of patriotism, for without them where could be obtained the 650,000,000 francs yearly, which is almost exactly the price France pays to maintain her standing army. The standing army, next to the interest on the public debt is the greatest expense of the French government.

The 3,400,000,000 francs thus collected yearly to the central government of France (as against the 2,000,000,000 of the United States and the 2,200,000,000 of Great Britain) are expended as follows:

	THE RESERVE
Expenses of the monopolles, tax collecting, postal and telegraph	
service, collection of customs,	
supervision of forests and the	
rest	350,000,000
Interest on public debt1	,300,000,000
Chambers, Senate, President	13,900,000
Justice	35,000,000
Religion	43,000,000
Foreign affairs	15,000.000
Interior	
Disease	
Finance	645,000,00
War	
Navy	225,000,000
Colonies	73,000,000
Public instruction	200,000,00
Art	8,000.000
Commerce and industry	20,000,000
Agriculture	29,000,00

The public debt of France is by far the greatest in the world. Here is a nation with only 38,000,000 of inhabitants with a debt of over 35,000,000,000 francs. Russia has four times as many inhabitants and not half the debt. The United States of America has 67,000,000 of inhabitants and not 9,000,000,000 francs of debt. And yet the French people have just taken up a Russian loan that no one else would have, and may be soon lending millions to our own precious government. The secret is that while France as a State is more heavily indebted than any other in the world, her people, as a population, are the richest, the English only excepted. And the distribution of this wealth is infinitely more equal in France than in the British isles. The country long ago achieved for itself the enviable name of "pays no petit rentiers," the land of little capitalists. The French have a gigantic debt-but they owe it to themselves; it is not borrowed abroad; it is held at home. In France you see the apotheosis of the popular loan.

POPULAR BONDS. Cast your eye over the list of the Credit Foncier. In 1879 there was an is-1891 communal bonds of \$80 apiece were issued. Bonds as low as \$20 apiece have been issued by the French government. And what the general government does the municipalities do as well. Who buy these "popular loan" bonds? Servant girls, cabmen, workingmen, and even little girls and boys. The soiled doves, even the beauties of the night and of the street, invest their surplus income in the State securities, which, although they only bear 3 per cent. interest, they are persuaded are not corruptible by moth or rust. A year ago the city of Paris issued a loan in \$20 bonds, to bear 21/2 per cent. interest, and with a lottery attachment to make them more attractive, as the habit regularly is. Authorized brokers in different parts of the city were charged with the selling of these bonds. The public was advised that at 9 a. m. on a certain day they might subscribe, first come first served. At 10 o'clock at night—the night before—each broker's office had a string of several hundred men, women and boys of all descriptions waiting patiently in the calm moonlight with their breakfasts in their pocketswaiting patiently until the sun should rise, until the clock hands crawled around to 9 a. m. It was a sight to give instruction to the world at l

To those who dwell beneath the benefits of their influence there can be but one answer to the question: "Are State lotteries immoral?" They are not imlotteries immoral?" They are not immoral when they are worked as in France, when their object is to persuade the people to save up their money by investing it in government stock. The lottery has always been the pet vice of the Latin races. It is said to have been the ruin of present-day Italy. In France the passion is taken advantage of in a legitimate way, for State, municipal and colonial bonds. Even great business enterprises receive permission to add the lottery attachment to their bonds. The Panama Canal Company, for instance, took advantage of it; and, for that matter, the present speculative value of the

took advantage of it; and, for that matter, the present speculative value of the stock depends almost as much on the possibilities of the lottery drawings as on the hope of the ultimate completion of the enterprise.

The method of procedure is as follows: Suppose the State issues a new loan today. Each bond, whether it be a \$20 or a \$40 one, has its own number. When the bond is issued its number is inscribed on a square piece of metallic cloth, which is then rolled and placed in a great metal wheel that turns on an axis. After all the numbers have been put in the door of the wheel is sealed up. Each year, on a given day, the door is opened after the seals have been legally verified, and the wheel is sealed up with the seals have been legally verified, and the wheel is sealed up the sealed after the seals have been legally verified, and the wheel is sealed up the sealed up

the numbers. A child, chosen from those under the protection of the public assistance, sticks his naked arm into the wheel, draws out a number and gives it to the official who presides. He reads the number aloud and shows it to those present. The same method is followed for as many numbers as the scheme allows, when the door of the wheel is again closed and sealed fast.

These are certainly long odds; but, then, all lottery prizes are at long odds. People do not stop to consider that. A man who would refuse to bet on a single number at roulette, with only thirty-six

man who would refuse to bet on a single number at roulette, with only thirty-six chances against him, on the ground that it would be throwing away his money, finds his imagination differently affected when it is a question of a lottery ticket, with thousands and thousands of chances against him. Whether this lottery attachment to State bonds would influence improvident people to become influence improvident people to become investors in our own country may be doubted. It certainly does influence the French, nevertheless. Another curious fact is that there are always prize win-ners who are never heard from. Among the "Bons de l'Exposition of 1889," the number 845,443 won \$10,000. It has never been claimed. A dozen more winning \$200 a piece have never been presented. The \$20 bond government loan of 1887 has an even more remarkable showing. Twenty-five numbers gaining from \$8,000 to \$200 each have never been presented. to \$200 each have never been presented for payment, and over five hundred numbers gaining \$40 each (double the original price and permanent value of the bond) are still unclaimed.

FOR RELIGION AND ART. The only other annual expense of the French government which may be strange or interesting to Americans are those of religion and art. The 8,000,000 francs for art seem small when seen in the budget, huddled between the immense costs of public instruction and public works. Yet 8,000,000 francs a year is no small sum, and may be made to do much. Imagine Congress voting \$1,600,-000 yearly for art. In France this yearly expenditure makes the government a buyer of pictures and statues for the national and provincial museums, it sends meritorious students of the government art schools abroad to study, it supports the art schools themselves, besides guaranteeing the existence of the Grand Opera and the Theater Francais. If you should desire to see the result of this policy, I beg of you to obtain permission to visit the collection of any rich picture buyer in your city to whom you gain access. You will find his walls are hung with the work of French artists. The hundreds of thousands of dollars which he managed to get hold of and send out of the country for the gratification of his love of art, where have they gone? To On the side of religion, the annual ex-

penses of the French government, if not so satisfactory, are, to say the least, fully as curious. The State pays 43,000,-000 francs a year for religion, that being \$8,600,000, quite a tidy sum. Salvation is really free in France, and that, be it remembered, under a real or so-called athesistical regime. All religions recog-nized by the State, including the Protestant and Jewish, have their priests and ministers paid, and their church buildings are State property. A bishop receives about \$2,000 a year; a common parish priest rarely has more than \$200, except in the case of ministers who are married. As to the church buildings, neither priest nor minister can touch his finger to them for the most necessary repairs. All these have to be decided on by some government functionary, who is a practical politician. A good part of the expenses of the real budget which are credited to religion really goes, there-fore, to pay these gentlemen who keep the accounts and have the solicitude of all the churches.

To conclude, I have saved up one of the most chic phases of the minute financiering of the French government for the last. In a land where boys and girls pay toll tax it may be well imagined that nothing that might be thought of has been forgotten. It is a matter of 30,000,000 francs only, and is usually lumped in the budget under the head of direct taxation. The sum results from certain "special taxes for the profit of the State." First comes 7,000,000 francs annually wrested from the "dead hand," the Mortmain of the old English law, and, in actual French, Mainmorte "les biens de Mainmorte," It is a special tax on the real estate of corporations of all classes, and it is intended to approximate the profit the State would derive from collateral inheritance taxes, forfeitures, legal charges for deeds, mortgages and wills, were the real estate held by private individuals instead of soulless corporations who do not die and seldom self. A tax on carriages and horses brings 15,000,000 francs. The tax on billiard tables brings 1,000,000 francs. The tax on bicycles brings 2,000,000 francs. A military tax brings 3,000,000. The charges which the government makes to all tradesmen for "verifying" the correct-ness of their weights and measures add up 5,000,000. A special tax on mines brings 3,000,000 more, and, lastly, there comes an annual sum of 15,000,000 francs from the special tax on clubs and societies. As will be seen, the financiering of the French government goes on the principle, first, that if you take care of the pennies the dollars will take care of themselves, and, secondly, that one should never let a chance go by.

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW. Suggestions to Feminine Story Writers in Search of Themes.

There are many stories written of wives hungering for their husband's love and living and dying unsatisfied. We want a story which will represent the husband hungering for his wife's love and living unsatisfied for want of it. It is not an uncommon experience. satisfied for want of it. It is not an uncommon experience.

Perhaps the wife is a professional reformer. She is so busy caring for the world that she has no time to care for her household. She expends all her love on humanity, and has none left for husband. She is a woman with a mission, and her own home is left a foreign missionary field for some one else to cultivate—perhaps a grandmother, or a less ambitious sister. Or she is devoted to society. Receptions, visits, balls, at-homes, so absorb her that she is never at home to her husband and her children. She lives on admiration, not on love. Or she does not know the difference between a housekeeper and a home-keeper. The house is admirably kept—swept and dusted and ordered and regulated with scrupulous nicety. She is a good cook, an excellent housemaid, a superb upper servant; but not a wife. She ministers to her husband's stomach and to his eye, but never to his heart. She shrinks from a kiss which will disarrange her hair. non experience. his eye, but never to his heart. She shrinks from a kiss which will disarrange her hair, or an embrace that threatens to disorder her dress. Or she is of Puritan temper and training. She loves, but she knows not how to say that she loves. She believes that silence is golden, but her husband is a bimefallist and longs for some silver speech. She does not know how to say to him, I thank you, and quite unwittingly receives every caress and every courtesy which her husband's love pays to her, as though it were a debt overdue.

Here is material for several short stories of quite a new pattern, which should be written for women only.

A Curious Musical Instrument. Demorest's Magazine.

The virginal, generally referred to in old works in the plural, was said to have received its title in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, with whom, together with the ladies of her court, it is said, to have been a great favorite. There is some evidence, however, which seems to show that the instrument was in use many years before her birth, and that the name was given in honor of the Virgin. It was strung with catgut, and the chords were rather pulled than struck—after the manner of harp playing—by short pieces of quili fixed in the tops of what were known as "jecks;" i. e., bits of wood, round or square, set at right angles upon the ends of the keyshanks. The story of Queen Bess "dancing high and disposedly to the virginals" is well known. A rather plump lady in an iron "busk" or corset, an enormous hoop, and a towering ruff, leaping into the air, with red shoes "pigeon-winging," and a face of profound gravity, must have been a cust-

#### AT A BAVARIAN FAIR

GERMAN PEASANTS TEACH A LES-SON IN THE ART OF ENJOYMENT.

Whole Families Enter Into Simple Pleasures with All Their Hearts and with Childlike Ardor.

Agnes Repplier, in the Independent.

After one has seen the Englishman taking his pleasures sadly, as befits the most serious nation in the world; after one has observed the listless and halfhearted fashion in which the American enjoys himself; after one has marveled at the steadfastness with which the Scotchman declines, like Emerson, to be amused, it is refreshing to spend a long, sunny afternoon at a Bavarian country fair and to watch the good-tempered alacrity with which Germans of every age surrender themselves to diversion.

And diversion is so cheap in this frugal fatherland. The smiling throngs on every side of us have come prepared to spend the least possible amount on the greatest possible pleasure and to take the lengest possible time in doing so. Many of them will spend nothing, for the fair grounds are free to all, and bare-legged children without a pfennig swarm joyously in the open gates. No ungenerous wooden wall shuts them out from the wonderland they have tramped over the long, dusty roads to see, and no child dreams of begging, even from three Americans, who in Italy or Switzerland would be regarded as mere prey sent by a beneficent Providence to supply the needs of the occasion. So strong is this spirit of sturdy independence that it is a hard matter to be benevolent, even when one is so disposed. There are two little girls standing in front of a merry-go-round who have brought a fat baby in a wooden cart, and who watch the revolving horses, not long-ingly, for it is plain they have no ex-pectations of their own in the matter, but with an innocent wonder and de-light. Yet when we offer to treat them to a ride these peasant children show as much reluctance to taking money from strangers as though they were lit-tle Howards. They shake their flaxen heads with wistful gravity, and it is only when the showman adds his seductive voice to ours that their scruples are finally overcome.

We agree to watch over the baby cart in their absence, but the baby itself is far too precious to be intrusted to our care. He is mounted on a rearing charger, clutched in his sister's arms, and he looks patiently and stolidly mis-erable after the fashion of German infants, who seldom, even in the utmost straits, find it worth their while to cry. The delight of the little girls, however, leaves no rom for compassion in our souls. Their round, radiant faces beam down on us every time the horses wheel by, and their breathless enjoyment concentrates all the pleasures of living into this brief moment of excitement. Knowing how far money is expected to go in these festivities, I have given them each ten pfennigs-about 21/2 cents-to pay for the ride, and I am not without misgivings lest this should prove too little for such prolonged diversion; but when the music stops at last and the dizzy procession is at an end they climb down as hastily as the baby will permit and run up to us shining with smiles, each holding tight in her little hand no less that six pfennigs in change, which it is their honest intention to return. The possession of those six pfennigs-a sum too small to purchase anything save a morsel of candy in America-enriches them for the afternoon and opens out endless

vistas of enjoyment. FAMILY HAPPINESS. What wonder then that whole families of the ample Bavarian type, including a grandparent or two, half a dozen children and the inevitable infant, have come for a holiday to this paradise of cheap delights. A fat old country woman, rosy and wrinkled, is solemnly swaying up and down in a little boat, the old woman is absolutely enjoying it. strange vicissitudes. Middle-aged men, grizzled and weather beaten, stand in compact crowds around a puppet show and applaud as heartily as boys whenever a new manikin appears. It does not seem to me a very amusing exhibition; but this may be because I miss the familiar and triumphant wickedness of Punch. There is a monotony about these German puppets, who do nothing but peer up through a chimney and get knocked on the head by the swaggering knocked on the head by the swaggering hero of the play. Moreover, the dialogue is carried on between the showman behind the boards and his wife, who moves up and down among the spectators collecting pfennigs and responding in a purely perfunctory and inanimate manner to her spouse's eloquence. This destroys the illusion, but not the pleasure of the audience, who

not the pleasure of the audience, who

probably know every move of the game by heart and have no need of the ex-planatory conversation which accom-panies it. One little boy, seated on his

light that his shril! screams of laughter

drown the squeaking puppets and call

forth remonstrances from every side. It

is impossible to moderate his enthusiasm,

and he is finally carried off to another

booth where a score of small white poodles, many of them the veriest puppies, make a shallow pretense of dancing, but in reality do nothing but scamper about, blting at each other's heels and barking furiously at the audience.

In the meantime the practical business of the fair is going steadily on. ness of the fair is going steadily on.
Merchandise of every kind is spread over
the ground or piled up high on counters.
I notice that the severely useful things
meet with the readiest sales. Pretty little bits of carved wood, waxen saints and angels in glass cases, straw bas-kets, rosaries, silver jewelry and clocks attract the idlers who have no me to spend; but the great heaps of crockery and earthenware are surrounded by anxious bargainers who replenish their anxious bargainers who replenish their stock once a year when fair time comes around. I envy them their purchases, for much of this German pottery is singularly beautiful both in shape and color. The cheapest pitchers and bowls are of a cool green tint or of a deep blue gray, relieved with lines of white. The glaze is smooth and perfect, and as they lie in long rows on the beaten grass we sigh to think of the ugly yellow crockery or coarse white stoneware which fills our American kitchens. With the customary rashness of tourists we buy two little blue pitchers, oval, with delicate spoon-shaped mouths, and two diminutive pipkins, the sweetest little pipkins imaginable, for which we have no earthly use, and which are sure to be in fragments before the month is over. They are so cheap, however, that we shall be amply repaid for the triffe they cost by seeing them for a few days in our rooms, to say nothing of the pleasure of walking through the fair grounds holding them in our hands and comparing them every minute with other pitchers. stock once a year when fair time comes holding them in our hands and comparing them every minute with other pitchers and other pipkins spread out on
every side of us. Next to them in point
of attractiveness are the little sugar
babies, with blue eyes and pink cheeks,
rolled up in sugar swaddling clother
and resting on sugar pillows frilled with